

The Evening World

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WHO IS STRIKING?

The action of the mine workers at the Indianapolis Convention fully realized the best expectations of their friends. In refusing to order a sympathetic strike and in levying an unusually heavy assessment on thousands to support their unemployed brethren the bituminous coal miners showed their respect for the obligations of a contract and their readiness to suffer for the success of a cause which they consider just.

While this is the commendable attitude of labor, what is the attitude of the employers? While labor appeals to the universal sense of justice and consents to rest its cause on the decision of impartial arbitrators, the coal road presidents persist in their obstinate refusal to arbitrate. There is nothing to arbitrate, they will manage their business in their own way, they will not be "dictated to" by their employees, and, finally, it is none of the public's business.

This persistence in stubbornness in face of the proceedings at Indianapolis places the situation in a new light. It is not really the miners who are now striking so much as the operators, and the latter are striking against their own interests as well as against the interests of the public, and against the principle of arbitration as well as against trades unionism.

THE TUNNEL HOLD-UP.

The general impression that the delay in the Board of Aldermen in acting on the contract for the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel is a "hold up" of the worst kind was strengthened by the action of the Railroad Committee in failing to secure a quorum at its last meeting. The tactics employed to prevent the quorum had a familiar and fishy aspect. Some of the members were invariably delayed by important business elsewhere, and when they arrived they were disappointed to find that other members had been unavoidably called away by other important business elsewhere and it was impossible to secure a quorum.

The members of the committee need not flatter themselves that they can succeed in deceiving the public by any such stupid and transparent evasion. It is their duty to meet and report, and inasmuch as time is precious and they have already wasted more time than was necessary, it is the duty of the board to take the matter out of their hands, recall the contract and pass it.

A YEAR OF TRUE LOVE.

It has taken only a year for the Yoke-Strong romance to pass from the champagne to the small beer state, a somewhat brief career even for a lurid love affair such as theirs has been. A twelvemonth ago it was all for love and the world well lost—the lady glad to get rid of a broken-legged, dissolute lord and the lover throwing discretion and his good name to the winds for the momentary possession of the object of passion. Now the lover has run away and the lady is intimating a dishonorable course of conduct on his part.

All the good things of life come high, but it would seem that Capt. Strong has paid an extortionate price for his year's fun. His schedule of assets shows him well nigh bankrupt—his promising army place gone along with his position in society and his good reputation. He has given them for the brief companionship of a very mature siren, paying a great deal more for that companionship than it was worth. The lady, accustomed to a tinsel estimate of life from long stage association, will dry her tears as soon as she gets her jewels back and become eligible for another suitor. It is the man in the case who suffers this time, and it is to him that what scant sympathy there may be for the principals in this affair should be extended.

"BEEF AND" UP IN PRICE.

The 10-cent table d'hôte places raised their prices 10 per cent. recently because of the exactions of the Beef Trust, and now the white label factories of the beef and beans order have followed suit. We may next expect the night lunch wagon and the hokey-pokey man to do likewise, and pretty soon the rise in prices will have become general all along the line.

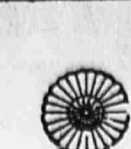
This is bad enough, but the explanation is rather worse because of the raw reasons given for their course by the restaurant keepers. "It has been realized for some time," says one, "that we have not been getting what we ought to have for food. An addition of 5, 10 or 15 cents on a man's restaurant check to him, individually, amounts to nothing, scarcely worth a second's thought, yet in the aggregate it would be a large item in our business." It is the old plea, "such a little one," and seems rather crude by comparison with the approved plausible business methods. Why not say that the beef at the new price will be of very superior quality, the best of prime cuts from stall-fed oxen, and the beans of the rare succulence of flavor attained only by special importation from Boston? Some patrons will then really think that they see an improvement and the grumbling will diminish; but to admit frankly a bald desire to increase profits by gouging the consumer is a highly objectionable example of monopolistic methods.

BIG BILL'S ROOMY HEART.

Those desiring to contemplate the spectacle of a charity bureau, college settlement and sick babies' fund all personified in one man should take a look at the ex-"best chief" during a busy campaign day in the Ninth Assembly District. Yesterday it was free beer and free fee, to-day handouts (one, at least) of nickels and dimes for scrambling street gamins; to-morrow it will be free groceries and free doctors for all the sick (with Devere votes) in the district. "When that the poor have cried Caesar hath wept" and weeping his hand goes into his capacious pocket and out flashes his roll. Nero with his bread and circuses for the voters of old Rome was not in it with "Big Bill." Bill knows superior tricks of campaigning.

The Evening World had hoped that for the mental uplifting of his constituency Devere would give them more speeches. Is it not a liberal education in the use of the Boss's English to hear him? This boon being denied them on the plea that "people don't like orating," which isn't so, he is substituting a performance in philanthropic prestidigitation that ought to have its effect on the populace. As a result of the good seed sown and the inspiring example set we shall expect to see the Ninth become the prize Assembly district of the town in humanity and philanthropy.

They Can't Catch Him.—Harry Tracy has proved himself a bigger man than any number of Oregon sheriff's posse, and the pursuit of him has been abandoned. European brigands and Central American dictators lend themselves for open bouffe treatment. Tracy has furnished home with this order with a fine roll.



The Funny Side of Life.

THE ICE-CREAM SEASON.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

YE POOR SUITOR.

"Oh dearest one," the lover cried.
"A source of pain it is to me,
"I can't express my love for thee!"
"Perhaps 'tis well," the maid replied,
"For, judging by your poverty,
You'd have to send it C. O. D."

EASY TO GET.

"I don't suppose that Western stage coach company will mind the loss of the \$8.00 the road agents lifted from them."
"Why not?"
"Oh, it was only stage money, you know."

FOOLHARDY COURAGE.

"The Rough Riders may have been brave at San Juan, but they were cowards compared to a man in our office."
"Why, what special act of bravery has he done?"
"He has the heroism not to laugh up roars at all the boss's old jokes."

WHILE YOU WAIT.

"What is Van Spender doing in Paris?"
"Accumulating a past."

AN ALIBI.

"I thought you said you didn't use tobacco in any form?"
"I don't, ma'am. This thing I am smoking is only a cigarette."

BORROWED JOKES

HE KNEW.

Teacher—James, you may tell where the Declaration of Independence was signed. James—Please, ma'am at the bottom.—Indianapolis News.

PROBABLY NOT NEEDED.

"Nellie, dear," whispered the Washington youth, "I see my mother and yours are in earnest conversation over there. I wonder what they're talking about?"
"Maybe," said the Washington maiden with a bright blush, "they think they're holding a steering committee meeting."—Chicago Tribune.

SHE WAS CHARITABLE.

Miss Younger—Do you know, dear, I have often wondered why you never married?
Miss Elder—Indeed! Well, to tell you the truth, I—er—that is—
Miss Younger—Oh, never mind telling me if it is at all painful. Doubtless you have often wondered at it yourself.
—Chicago News.

SOMEBODIES.

BRANDER MATTHEWS, J.—Professor of Columbia, is going to London to lecture on the development of the English drama.

CRAWFORD, MARION—is said to have destroyed two-thirds of a novel lately sooner than to publish what he did not consider good. The advertising it has brought him was probably worth the extra work involved.

FORD, THOMAS—is a wonder. Though a prominent man in the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad office, he has never ridden a mile on a railroad, has not taken a vacation in forty-four years and has never asked for a pass.

LEWANIK, KING—who has been hobnobbing with Edward VII., has promised to start a temperance crusade in Barotsche. This will doubtless be a crushing blow to such convivial Barotscheers as enjoy a cold bottle with their hot birds or a high ball to drive the cobwebs from their brains.

A SUMMER'S EVENING.

Clear had the day been from the dawn,
All cheer'd was the sky.
The clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew—
To make one leaf the next to kiss
That closely by it grew.

The hills, that on the pebbles play'd,
Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

Look'd as they most desired
To see whose head with Orient pearls
Most curiously was tyed,
And to itself the subtle air

Such sovereignty assumes
That it received too large a share
From nature's rich perfumes.
—Michael Drayton in the Atlanta Journal.

At Almost Any Book Store.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can I get a guide book of the principal places of interest in and around New York, and if so, where?

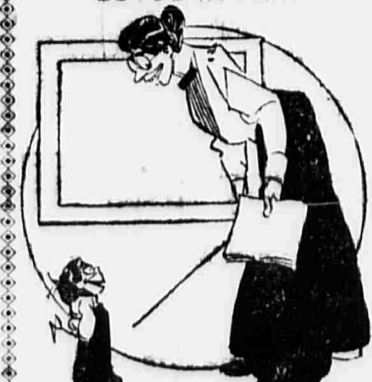
Price of a Panama.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
So sorry to read that our Wyckoff (N. J.) friend, P. J. Claiver, says the "Panama" is ugly. Say, Pete, old man, did you ever figure up the "stakes" of a genuine Panama? You'd be an eternity raising the "dough" in Wyckoff town for one! Then, anyhow, Pete, old man, you wouldn't care to wear a real Panama in Wyckoffville. I've got a couple of a Panama, but it took me a month to make up my mind to wear it as I call as you do, that they were ugly.



ICE CREAM GIRL
ON HER FOURTH PLATE

The summer maiden's summer life is one long, lingering dream
Of cloving, saccharine delights that hover 'round ice-cream,
From hokey-pokey up to kinds at 40 cents a plate.
Her bean no more has cash to burn, but just to ice-creamate.

LOVED IN VAIN.



Teacher—Now, Johnny, do you love the dear little robins with their sweet songs?
Johnny—Yes, ma'am, only I can't never seem to hit the darn things!

ECONOMY.



Husband—If I stay downtown late this evening I'll owe you a message.
Wife—Never mind. I have it already. I found it while cleaning your clothes.

WISE YOUNG MEN.



"There are more single than married men in the prisons."
"Well, the former certainly showed wisdom in their choice."

WE HAVE TO HAVE THEM.



She—These summer drinks are expensive, aren't they?
He—This one is—it's made in the mint.

EXCELSIOR!



Teacher—Always remember the fact that great men rise from low positions. Begin at the bottom and work up.
Pupil—Even in digging a well?

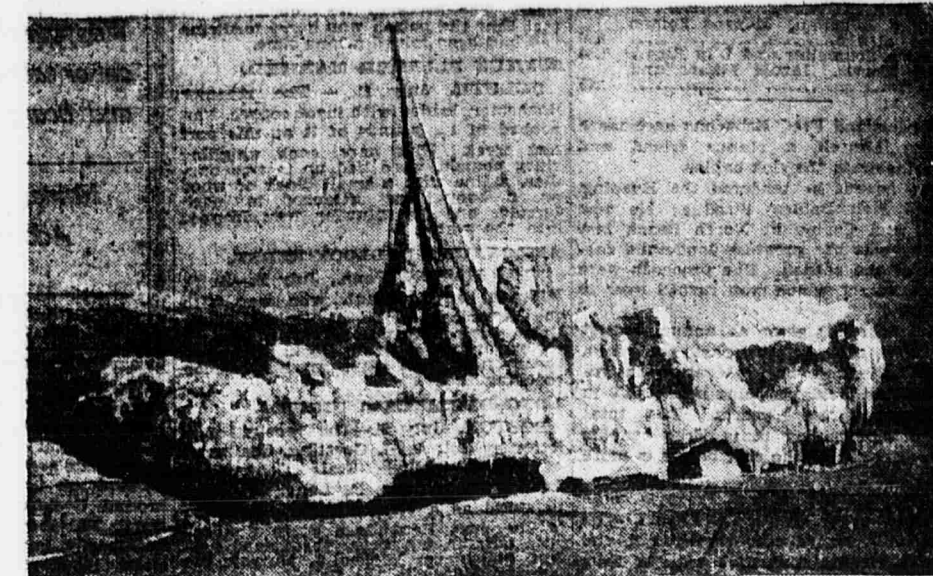
CRAZE HAS STRUCK 'EM.



Stranger—What in the world are those snap-shot friends doing over there on the hill?
Regular Resident—Dey's photostats, returned from the President's summer home. It's for a Sunday magazine society story in high life.

ODDITY CORNER.

TWO FINE PICTURES FOR A HOT DAY.



The Wrecked Steamer Ingor, in Which the Ice Held Passengers as Prisoners for Twelve Days.

The city of Novorussk, in Transcaucasia, the most southerly province of Russia, was visited last March by a storm the effects of which were such as one would scarcely expect to find except in the arctic regions. There was no snow, but a cold north gale, sweeping down from the Caucasus Mountains, dashed masses of spray from the harbor upon buildings and shipping and covered them with a thick coating of ice. The court-house, two hundred feet from the bay, was covered completely so that it appeared like a new building of fantastic architecture. Chains and cordage of vessels moored at the wharves were converted into cylinders of ice a foot or more thick. But, the most astonishing work of the storm was the disaster to a large passenger steamer, the Ingor, which, after successfully resisting the gale all day was at last driven ashore and covered with thick ice. The ice blocked all means of escape and formed so rapidly that no one could escape. Passengers and crew remained in this prison of ice for twelve days! Then a rescuing party with rope ladders and axes went to their assistance. Three of the passengers were found dead and frozen fast to the walls of the vessel. Many others were severely injured.

MANY BOOKS.

The largest library in the world is the National Library of Paris, which contains forty miles of shelves, holding 1,400,000 books. There are also 175,000 manuscripts, 200,000 maps and charts and 100,000 coins and medals.

NITROGEN.

Crystallized nitrogen is one of the greatest chemical curiosities. By cooling nitrogen gas, down to 37 degrees below the freezing point and then allowing it to expand solid snow-like crystals are formed.

KNEW HOW TO ECONOMIZE.

A small boy was introduced by his teacher to the motto mark, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Its labor-saving possibilities appealed to him, and he soon found occasion to turn his knowledge to account. While away on a short visit he wrote to his father. The letter ran as follows:

Dear Father:
I hope you are well.
"Mother is "
"sister "
"Dick "
"grandmother is well.
"wish you were here.
"mother was "
"sister "
"Dick "
"grandmother was here.
"you would send me some money. Your aff. son, TOM.

THE USE OF SILKS.

Of the silks used in the United States \$25,000,000 worth are imported and \$100,000,000 worth home made. The domestic silk industry employs 21,000 men, 30,000 women and 6,000 children in 433 mills, with \$15,000,000 capital.

A FERN THAT WALKS.

Most ferns are confirmed travellers. New fern leaves grow out from the underground roots some distance away from the old plant, says Country Life in America. The average observer scarcely notices this, but there is a native fern that steps off at so lively a pace that its odd habit has long furnished one of the unceasing entertainments of the woods. The walking fern often carpets ledges and tops of shaded rocks. The slender, tufted leaf fronds are singularly uniform in appearance. They curl about and "walk" by detaching their taper tips to the soil and taking root there and growing. In time, clusters of new leaf fronds spring from such rooted tips. By and by some of these, too, bite the earth and, taking root, start still other colonies, which in turn will continue the progress again and again. Naturally, with the lapse of time, the connection between the older tufts and the younger becomes broken, yet one sometimes finds series of three or four linked together, representing as many steps in the pretty ramble.

A GOOD CAMP TENT.

A good sort of a tent to have, if camp is to remain in one spot for a week or more, says Country Life in America, is one that resembles one-half of an ordinary wall tent cut in two at the ridge pole, with the front closed, and an awning extending the full width of the ridge pole brought out in front and supported at a proper height at its further end by two small perpendicular stakes and a couple of guy lines. This makes a good, steady place where meals may be cooked and served in good weather.

SNAPSHOT CURIOSITY.



Here is a photographic curiosity published by the Berliner Tagblatt. It is the result of an attempt on the part of an amateur to take a picture of a celebrated bust of Della Robbia, in the Certosa at Florence. The view was taken through a rain about with two arms, with the result that the photograph had the effect of a grotesque female figure.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

At Almost Any Book Store.

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But wise men change their minds, etc., and I changed mine, and I have never regretted it, and you wouldn't either. But don't buy one if you don't like them. There are others that will if you don't. You needn't be progressive if you don't want to. You can be like a caboose (all ways behind) until doomsday. But panamas will be worn just the same. As for myself, if I couldn't get another like the one I have I wouldn't sell it for the whole town of Wyckoff and what's in it.
C. K. TRYON.

A Complaint from a Fireman.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
By a recent decision handed down by the Appellate Division in the case of ex-Capt. Clifford firemen are not permitted to be members of any associa-

tion, benevolent or political. Isn't that going rather far in depriving us firemen-citizens of our rights under the Constitution? We are not allowed, according to the opinion of the learned Court, to belong to political organizations, and yet we receive subscription cards from politicians of both parties around election requesting us to contribute to campaign expenses. I think this decision is most unjust, and I believe it is purely unconstitutional; for it hits at every member of the Fire and Police Departments in Greater New York. In other cities firemen and policemen are said to be permitted to belong to any association that will benefit them financially, socially or morally.
A FIREMAN.

Frustrate the New "U" Cause.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Yes, brother, here is a voice in favor

of the new "U" electric cars to counteract a little of the roasting. Just the most comfortable, just the roomiest, just the swiftest and altogether the most enjoyable method of locomotion the writer has in memory. No tramping on delicate toes, nor crushing of immoderate fleshy laciness—nothing but good-natured contentment from the Bridge to Harlem with six "pothe" people on one seat. Long wave the electric road!
A HAPPY TRAVELLER.

Eye and Ear Infirmary, 2d Avenue.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a poor girl. Kindly tell me where I can get my eyes fixed free of charge, because they are turned.
E. E. E.